

A pleasant new Ditty: intituled,
 Though rich golden Booties your luck was to catch,
 Your last was the best, 'cause you met with your match.



To the tune of, *I know what I know.*



A Rich wealthy Watchman thirty and odd,
 Had now a new catchot crept into his pate:
 A wife he must have, what soe'er betide,
 And well like with Rabbish to enrich his state.

Faire Spaldens were offer'd him, two, three, and four,
 Sufficient Sons Daughters, with money to boot,
 Yet his greedy mind did still gaze after more,
 For he said 'twas too little for him to go to so.

His meanes did afford him three hundred a yere,
 And three honny Lasses had thousands apiece,
 Yet say it and them he a pin did not care,
 Though one of them was to a Gentleman piece.

Shall I say a paltry poore thousand pound,
 A young French gaw marry with nothing but bread,
 Consume me in longings, in fashions, and toys,
 No, yet it is time, and I now will take heed.

There is a hild Watchman that dwelleth hard by,
 In money hath ten thousand pounds at the least,
 He spence my selfe up then incontinently,
 And to her he got as a sputtering best.

This Watchman soon did attaine his desire,
 The day was appointed when they should be wed,
 His youthfull faire Wife was but threescore and ten,
 For she had but a tooth and a halfe in her head.

Some thre or four yeres did this honny Lasse live,
 When grim grim death took her life cleane away,
 And griefe for her losse had the man almost spen,
 But that a new Watchman his journey did stay.

His wife being buried, next morning he went,
 Another spence Watchman agen for to see,
 Where mounted on Crutches he craight one asplde,
 Who in state of riches was better than she.

His spothers shooke sure did this Watchman weare,
 For no sooner was he but he presently spen,
 A licence he fetcht, and he marry'd her straight,
 When she shewd some her stills, & she hebb'd to bed.

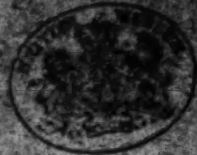
Not full ten yeres older then was his last wife,
 Was this same dyd mummy that lay by his side,
 With snoring and grunting she air'd to the bed,
 That never had Crome such a night by a Wife.

But still to her money perfume all againe,
 And in a moneth after she bedd to his lye,
 Seven Winters and Summers she lay at small ease,
 And then she departed because she must dye.

Five hundred a yere she augmented his state,
 Ten thousand pound cleare by the other he got,
 Some time of another spence Watchman he heard,
 When he paid unto love that she might be his lot.

48. 6. 28. 392

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Shall I say a paltry poore thousand pound,
 A young French gaw marry with nothing but bread,
 Consume me in longings, in fashions, and toys,
 No, yet it is time, and I now will take heed.

There is a brisk Willdore that dwelleth hard by,
 In money hath ten thousand pounds at the least,
 He spence my selfe up then incontinently,
 And to her he goes as a sputtering West.

This Watchman soon did attaine his desire,
 The day was appointed when they should be wed,
 His youthfull faire Wife was but threescore and ten,
 For she had but a tooth and a halfe in her head.

Some thre or four yeeres did this honny Lasse live,
 When grim grimace death took her life cleane away,
 And griefe for her losse had the man almost spen,
 But that a new Willdore his journey did stay.

His wife being buried, next morning he went,
 Another spence Willdore agen for to see,
 He here mounted on Crutches he craight one asplde,
 He in state of riches was better than she.

His spothers shooke sure did this Willdore weare,
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The second part, To the same tune.



This Widow's form's not above fifty at most,
Soft and so neat was her Carbas bedrest,
She wanted no means for to set her to sale;
They lik't and were marri'd, now make well the rest.

She seem'd so compleate and so comely of shape,
That he voted on her more than both the rest.
She said then sweet husband, be not you dismay'd,
For the truth must be known when you see me undress'd.

Two rows of white teeth she took out of her mouth,
And put 'em straight into a little round Bore,
A Glass eye likewise she pull'd out of her head,
Which made the man fear that his wife had got knockt.

Her pouldred curls Locks that so faire did appeare,
Came off with more ease than a new scalped Pigge,
I wonder her Husband could laughing forbeare,
When he saw his wife look like an Estridge egge.

Then strait way down stoop'd this comely stout Bride,
Unlacc't and ungirded, her neat wooden legges,
The Wyldegoose was like to runne out of his skin,
For his eyes ne'r before did behold such a Page.

Then for to rebide him, unto him she sang,
Her keyes that did lead him to treasure great store,
This made him to love her, so both went to bed,
Where he did embrace her, what would you have more.

Such luck had this husband to tumble them o're,
That ere one moneth ended he changed her life.
A rich wealthy wife, inticed him home,
And said, if you please Sir, He show you a wife,

He show'd him his Daughter a Girl of fifteen,
But she would no liking nor favour him shew,
Her friends made the match, & they marri'd with speed,
But she ne'r endur'd him, I tell you but so.

This young marri'd wife so such cunning was grown,
That she sell a longing his quine for to waste:
French Richshawes of ten pound a dish she would have,
With other deare meats for to sit her fine taste.

No Physick, no Doctors, no cost did she spare,
On pride and new fangles she set her delight,
Her Husband began for to labour of feare,
And to wish that she ne'r had bene same in his sight.

No love nor no liking this young wife e'r had,
Because she was forc't to be wed to her hate.
He sickned and dyde, and was laid in his grave,
So she did enjoy his thre Widowes estate.

A young man that first was this Widows true love,
With all expedition they made their dispatch,
For wedding and bedding they both were agreed,
And the thre Widows husband did meet with his match.



FINIS

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